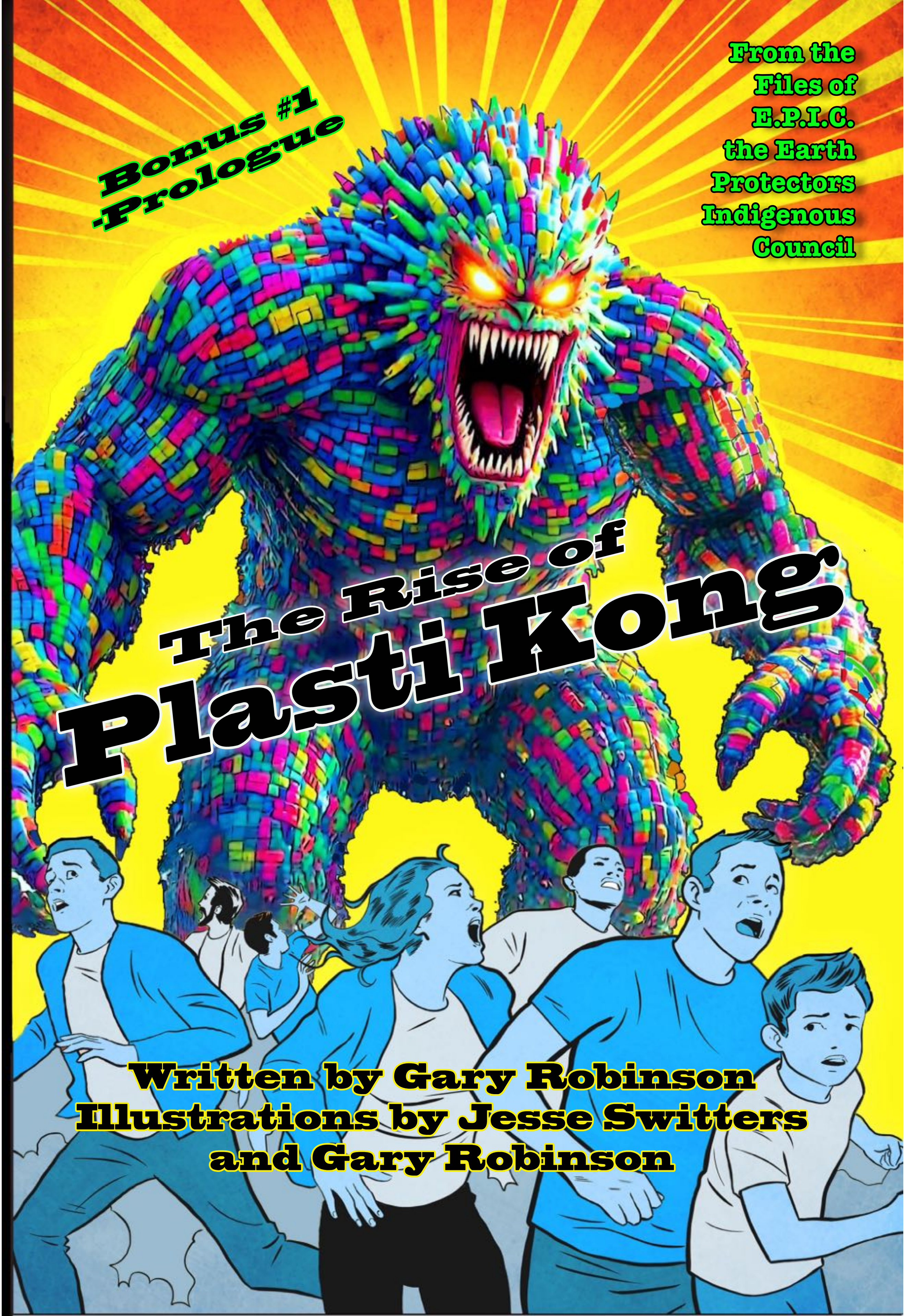

Bonus #1
-Prologue

From the
Files of
E.P.I.C.
the Earth
Protectors
Indigenous
Council

The Rise of
Plasti Kong

Written by Gary Robinson
Illustrations by Jesse Switters
and Gary Robinson

The Rise of Plasti Kong

King of the Polymer Giants

Written by Gary Robinson
Illustrations by Jesse Switters
and Gary Robinson
Editorial Consultant: Lee Francis 4
Story Continuity: Gilbert Salas

This book is part of the
**Plastic Pollution
Awareness Project**
for more info go to
www.PlastiKong.com

Imaginative Content, LLC
Santa Ynez, California

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*Plasti Kong trademark registration pending

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Editorial Consultant: Lee Francis 4
Story Continuity: Gilbert Salas
Cover art by Jesse Switters
Addition graphics by Gary Robinson

Check out www.PlastiKong.com for fun facts about plastic pollution
Get "The Rise of Plasti Kong" Game for iOS & Android

PLASTIC POLLUTION in EARTH'S OCEANS
NURDLES
MICROPLASTICS

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to this Bonus Edition

Congratulations on finishing the Plasti Kong game! You are officially a member of EPIC's Eco-Warrior team fighting to help end plastic pollution on planet Earth. I hope you enjoy this special, three-chapter edition of the environmental sci-fi novel *The Rise of Plasti Kong*. It provides you with a glimpse of what the full story is about, and I hope it encourages you to buy a copy of the full story and truly join the fight to end plastic pollution. Activate, Participate, Donate! Do whatever you can wherever you are.

A Word (or Two) from the Author

I was seventeen years old in 1967 when the movie "The Graduate" came out. There was a line in the film that is considered one of the most famous and most remembered in all the history of American cinema. For those who've never seen the movie, and for those who may have forgotten it, I've included the dialog from the scene in which that line appears.* Please bear with me. It *is* relevant.

Benjamin "Ben" Braddock, the film's main character and recent college graduate (played by Dustin Hoffman), is worried about his future and receives some "sound advice" at his graduation party from one of his parents' friends.

INT. BRADDOCK FAMILY HOME -- NIGHT
Lady #1: Ben, we're all so proud of you.
Lady #2: Proud, proud, proud, proud, proud.
Lady #3: What are you going to do now?
Ben Braddock: I was going to go upstairs for a minute.
Lady #3: No – I mean with your future.
Lady #2: With your life.
Ben: That's a little hard to say.
Mr. McQuire steps in behind Ben.
Mr. McQuire: Ben!
Ben: (to the ladies) Excuse me. (He turns around)
Mr. McQuire.

Mr. McQuire: Ben.
Ben: Mr. McQuire.
Mr. McQuire takes Ben's arm and steers him down the hall toward the back of the house and out through the back door.
EXT. BACKYARD AND POOL AREA – NIGHT
Mr. Mcquire: Ben, I just want to say one word to you. Just one word.
Ben: Yes, sir.
Mr. McQuire: Are you listening?
Ben: Yes, I am.

Mr. McQuire: (gravely) **Plastics.**
Ben: Exactly how do you mean?
Mr. McQuire: There is a great future in plastics.
Think about it. Will you think about it?
Ben: Yes, I will.
Mr. McQuire: Enough said.

Why am I quoting a line from a 60-year-old movie? Here's why. At the time of the movie's release, plastics, in real life, were on the verge of becoming a dominant material in many industries and consumer products. The line in the movie resonated with audiences and became a classic pop culture reference because it seemed to symbolize America's culture then and in the coming years. But the line in the movie also carried a sense of superficiality, a fakeness.

The decades following the movie's release saw a massive increase in the production and use of plastics on a global scale, which validated, in a sense, the advice given in the movie.

Of course, the film didn't directly cause a rise in the price of shares in plastics stocks. The growth of the plastics industry was driven by technological developments, changing consumer demands, and new industrial applications, not a single line from a movie. The quote is often used with a sense of irony today due to the environmental issues resulting from widespread plastic use and disposal.

But we are today living in a world that is a direct result of American attitudes toward the earth and her resources expressed in that movie and in our society since the end of World War II.

Enough said.

-Gary Robinson

*"The Graduate" Screenplay written by
Calder Willingham and Buck Henry
-Based on The Graduate by Charles Webb
-Distributed by Embassy Pictures

The Rise of Plasti Kong
The Rise of Plasti Kong
The Rise of Plasti Kong
The Rise of Plasti Kong

The Plot

In a world drowning in plastic waste, a scientist attempts to create a biodegradable form of plastic when, instead, a freak lab accident creates a polymer monster of gigantic proportions. Then, an unusual chain reaction activates a worldwide army of microplastic menaces. They go on a rampage against mankind and must be stopped! But how?

Thanks to a super, fast-acting enzyme created by Indigenous scientists, the solution is at hand. But will it be enough to end the reign of terror begun by ~~Plasti Kong, King of the Polymer Giants?~~?

Plasti Kong, King of the Polymer Giants?

this graphic novel

Read **The Rise of Plasti Kong** to find out. Play "The Rise of Plasti Kong" game to join in the battle. Go to **www.PlastiKong.com** to watch the "Mother Earth is Drowning in Plastic" public service announcement and learn how you can do more to help end plastic pollution and save the inhabitants of planet Earth from the monster that is plastic!

Also Order Some Merch

Chapter 2

Accident in the Lab

An aging and resentful Dr. Darwin Carson slammed his fist on the cluttered workbench, scattering vials of polymer solutions in all directions. For years he'd worked tirelessly in his under-funded, cramped, make-shift lab, attempting to create a revolutionary new plastic that could be easily recycled and reused.

He often worked twenty-four-hour shifts without eating or sleeping. The lack of sleep and food merely served to fuel his anger, his hunger for success, and his agitation. He was in a very fragile mental state.

But he'd felt he was getting very close to success when he requested a small subsidy from Rexxon Global Energy, the world's largest petrochemical corporation, so he could finally finish the research. They'd publicly declared their support for efforts to decrease the world's plastic pollution crisis.

How had they responded? With a single, terse paragraph of unflattering rejection!

"Impractical pipe dream," they'd commented, describing his work as "the delusional fantasy of a kook!"

"Hypocritical fools!" the scientist raged, flinging a glass flask across the meager lab. "The world is drowning in plastic waste, and they call my breakthrough solution a pipe dream!?"

Driven by a potent mix of delusion and determination, DC, as he often called himself, had been pushing even harder and further since then. As he tweaked formulas and experimented with catalysts, his cluttered lab had now become a battery of bubbling beakers and a careless collection of caustic condensers.

Exhaustion gnawed at him, but the rejection also fueled his obsession. Unfortunately, what was once a dedication to scientific improvement had more recently turned into motivation for revenge. His ultimate goal these days was more about getting even with those petroleum/plastic executives who laughed at him all those years ago, and not helping life forms on planet earth.

This night was no different than the string of previous nights that had preceded it. As he mixed yet another concoction of biopolymers and experimental catalysts, an unexpected storm quickly formed in the sky outside Carson's laboratory window. A rumble of thunder caught his attention, and he peered out just in time to see a swirling collection of darkening clouds gathering overhead.

"Climate change strikes again," DC said, speaking lovingly to the bluish gelatinous ooze he'd dubbed "Biopolymer #666." Like the previous 665 experimental concoctions he'd created, he thought of this one as his own offspring.

"We'll show those plastic polluters a thing or two," he said. "One day the Loco Colas, Pepicos, and Nastlys of the world will realize the errors of their ways. One day they'll come crawling back here pleading for me to save them."

A sudden blast of wind slammed a metal trash can against the outer wall of Carson's lab, startling the scientist. A barrage of golf ball-sized hail began striking the lab's western-facing windows, making it hard for him to concentrate.

Then a bolt of lightning struck the two-way radio tower outside the lab. The electrical surge coursed down the tower, through the radio wires and into the lab, sending an arc of juice from the radio console through the air to the vat of Biopolymer #666 waiting to be tested. A highly charged crackle of electricity erupted in the scientist's ears as a blinding flash tore through the window and into his lab. The shockwave threw him to the floor.

When the smoke and dust and debris cleared, Carson slowly regained consciousness and surveyed his surroundings. The smell of ozone, electrified oxygen and hydrogen, filled the air in the lab. Using the table he'd been working at to help him stand up, he saw that Biopolymer #666 had become a pulsating mass of misshapen goo.

As he watched, the mass grew, no doubt energized by the electric charge. Morphing into a grotesque amalgamation of twisted polymers and transforming into a monstrous bubbling blob, the thing moved as if alive.

DC wasn't sure what to do. Should he run or should he begin documenting the phenomenon? That moment of hesitation cost him dearly. The creature lunged for him, swallowing—no, absorbing—the researcher whole, a sickening slurp echoing against the glass beakers and test tubes. The lab filled with the sound of the storm as rainwater poured in through the smashed panes of glass.

Within a few moments, a thick, fluid ooze, with what might be a pair of eyes, began slithering along the lab floor. The contorted creature continued to evolve as it moved, not knowing what it was or what it was becoming.

The rising water lifted the entity and carried it along toward a large drain in the middle of the lab's concrete floor. But the drain's grate prevented the thing from escaping along with the rush of water. It struggled and resisted the pull of the flow until a thought formed from within the part that was still Darwin Carson.

"What's the use?" the thought seemed to say. "Why am I resisting? Going with the flow would be such a relief—so relaxing, so peaceful."

Releasing all resistance, the blob unexpectedly broke into thousands of tiny micro-particles. Each of the particles was at once separate and yet connected to the whole. Experiencing an overwhelming feeling of acceptance, these sentient microplastic granules developed an unexpected sense of belonging!

"What is this?" the thought seemed to say. "What am I part of now? Why have I been mutated in this way? Has this been my destiny all along?"

Whatever it was, the being that had once been Darwin Carson was now fragmented into thousands of particles that quickly flowed through the grate and down the drain.

The Rise of Plasti Kong
Chapter-by-Chapter

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New York City 1975
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Somewhere on the West Coast
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Sewage Treatment Plant / Drain Pipes
Chapter 4: Tell it Like it Is
University of California-Santa Barbara
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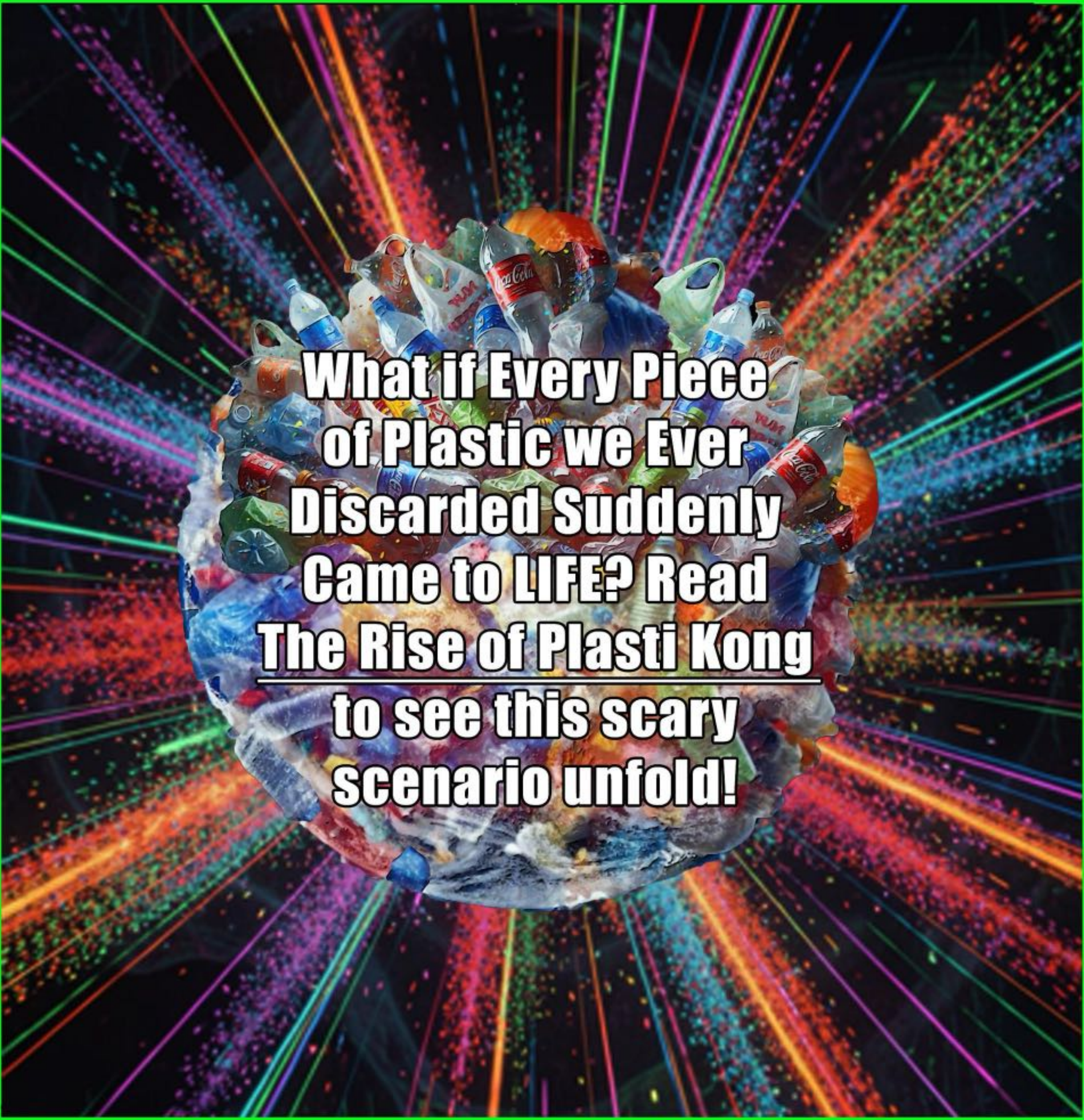
Worldwide
Chapter 6: News Seen ‘Round the World
EPIC Headquarters / Terminal Island, CA
Chapter 7: The Fungus Among Us
Puente Hills Landfill, Los Angeles, CA
Chapter 8: Decolonize Your Mind
Taino Indian Lands, Dominican Republic
Chapter 9: The Exterminator Enzyme
EPIC Headquarters / Floating on the Breeze
Chapter 10: Us Versus Them
Largest Landfill in America (Las Vegas)
Chapter 11: What Happens in Vegas
The Streets of Vegas
Chapter 12: The Great Escape
Terminal Island / Port of Long Beach
Chapter 13: To Be or Not To Be
Streets of Long Beach and Vicinity

The End? Not Really...
As long as there's plastic, there'll be a
PLASTI KONG!



What if Every Piece of Plastic we Ever Discarded Suddenly Came to LIFE? Read The Rise of Plasti Kong to see this scary scenario unfold!

The Earth Protectors Indigenous Council (EPIC) must take swift action when strange monsters begin rising from landfills, floating garbage patches, and recycling centers worldwide!

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